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A Souvenir to mark the  
jubilee of the Rev. James  
Carmichael

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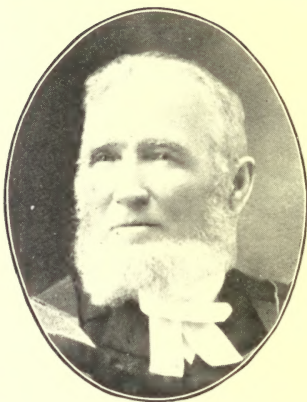
**After  
Fifty Years**



**Souvenir**

ELECTRONIC VERSION  
AVAILABLE

NO. OR-2FK



REV. JAMES CARMICHAEL, D.D.

Ordained 1860

Retired 1910

Minister of St. Andrew's, King, for fifty years.



REV. DR. CARMICHAEL  
From an early photo.



MRS. CARMICHAEL.

# A Souvenir

to mark the Jubilee of the

Rev. James Carmichael, D.D.

Minister of

St. Andrew's Church

King

1860-1910

BX  
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C. 113. 111



"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. 8:2.





St. Andrew's, King.

10th  
Third-Line Church.

3rd  
Tenth Line Church.

"He and Georgie have taken many drives together, and many more, we trust, they shall take, and for generations yet his name, and his imagery, and his message, and his gospel of love, and his true manhood will continue to influence and guide and protect."



## After Fifty Years.

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ON the second day of October, eighteen hundred and sixty, a group of ministers of the Church of Scotland gathered in the little St. Andrew's Church, King, to ordain and induct Mr. James Carmichael, recently graduated from Queen's College, as minister there. They were men who even then bore the marks of hard service in the new country, and they have long since entered into rest. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Donald Ross, of Vaughan, the Rev. John Tawse was Moderator, the Rev. John Brown, of Newmarket, gave the charge to the young minister, the Rev. William McKee, of Gwillimbury, addressed the people, and the Rev. Dr. Barclay was Clerk of Presbytery.

Of that group only the young man set apart that day remains, a young man still—after fifty years of service in the charge in which he was then inducted. The passing years have silvered his hair, and bowed his frame, but his heart responds as quickly and joyously as it did on that day fifty years ago.

The Presbytery of Toronto still delights to honor him, and resolved that the completion of a half-century of service in one charge by such a man, should have a fitting celebration.

Accordingly a committee was appointed, consisting of Rev. Dr. Gilray, as Convener, with Rev. W. G. Back of Eglinton, Rev. Alex. Macgillivray of Bonar Church, and Rev. Daniel Strachan of Rosedale Church. Afterwards it was arranged that Sabbath, October second, should be observed in St. Andrew's, King, by special services, morning and evening; that Rev. Daniel Strachan should be the preacher in the morning, and Rev. John Neil, D.D., should be the preacher in the evening. It was also decided that on Thursday, October sixth, the Presbytery should meet in St.

Andrew's, King, at ten o'clock in the morning, and after necessary business the Presbytery should adjourn, and spend the rest of the day in social fellowship with Dr. Carmichael and his congregation.

The object of this book is to preserve the memory of this celebration, which is almost unique in the history of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

## The Sabbath Services.

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Sunday, October second, was a day of rare charm. It was a typical autumn day, when the trees were in all their glory, and when all Nature seemed to impress one with the great joy of living. Early the worshippers began to arrive at the church, and by eleven o'clock, the time set for the service to begin, every place was filled, including the minister's vestry, while many had to be content to remain outside. The choir from the neighboring congregation of Bolton led the service of praise, and Rev. Daniel Strachan preached the following sermon:—

*“Therefore Hebron became the inheritance of Caleb, the son of Jephunneh the Kenizzite.”*—JOSHUA 14 : 14.

A WAY back in those early days it was just the same as it is now. “Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you, for every one that asketh receiveth.”

Caleb is a splendid example of what God can do for men, and of what men can do as they open their hearts to the higher and holier influences of God. There is not very much given to us of the story of Caleb, just an indication, a suggestion, a stroke or two giving this one item of his life, with here and there a few added comments.

But they are quite sufficient to make his picture stand out before us sufficiently clear for our study. In a very few words spoken by himself to Joshua, we get the outline of his life, and unconsciously to himself he lays bare the secret springs of his being.

He recalls the days half a century before, after the children of Israel had left Egypt, and had been trained and disciplined in the wilderness, they came to Kadesh-Barnea, from where they could look almost into the land promised to them for their in-



heritance. It was from there they were commanded to send in the spies, and have a report brought to them.

Then Caleb takes up the brief narrative himself. "Forty years old was I when Moses the servant of the Lord sent me from Kadesh-Barnea to spy out the land; and I brought him word again as it was in mine heart: though the brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt; yet I wholly followed the Lord my God." Thus we get the exact picture of the man, who for nearly half a century was to stand silently and obscurely in his place, and help lay the foundation of the nation, to whom God was to entrust so much. Both he and the historian concluded evidently that nothing more could be gained in following Caleb through the daily routine of his wandering in the wilderness. What his special work was we do not know, but of one thing we are assured: that his inheritance was not claimed on the strength of some solitary deed of valor he had performed two score and five years before, but because the source of his life's inspiration was that he wholly followed the Lord his God. Caleb evidently learned early in his life the meaning of faith. He found out the secret of possession. A man's faith is his acquisition of God, without faith it is impossible to please Him, because without faith it is impossible to have Him. Faith acquires God. No man can possess God who denies Him. Faith is the living link between the human and the divine. It is the act of the soul grasping and appropriating the invisible and spiritual. This, Caleb not only believed, but he lived it. His life and will were in direct harmony with God's, and this was the splendid equipment for his life's work. This is very plainly indicated at one or two points in his career, when we are permitted to get a glimpse of him at his work.

His first great task was when in company with a number of others, all representative men, he was sent into the land of Canaan to bring back a report as to the possibility of the land being conquered.

Perhaps too little importance is generally attached to this journey of inquiry that was made. But however slightly we may regard it, Caleb did not so treat it. He knew something of the

temper and nature of his fellow pilgrims. No doubt he realized their own lack of military discipline, and how their long years of slavery must have weakened their courage. On the other hand he must have appreciated the largeness of the task that was proposed. He saw the land for himself. He saw the walled cities, and these cities inhabited by hordes of peoples, Amalekites, Hittites, Jebusites and Amorites, etc.

Moreover he saw the children of Anak there, nevertheless Caleb said, let us go up at once and possess it; for we are able to overcome it.

It is a grand land, he said. It is a land however, held by people that know how to defend their own. It will cost us something to get it, but it is worth the price. Let us go.

That was the spirit that characterized Caleb's life, a spirit of courage, and buoyancy and strength, and what were these but the outcome of a deep and abiding faith in God, for he wholly followed the Lord his God. Even now had he taken possession of the land by faith, for had not God promised. But this was the man who when the command was given, turned again into the wilderness, and then silently and obscurely performed his tasks, standing again and again in the deep places of the earth, more surely and steadily bringing his life into conformity with God's life, and quietly and lovingly obeying those who had been set over him.

When next we are permitted to see him it is toward the end of his life. He had fought the fight. He had almost finished his course, and all through it he had kept his faith. They had been permitted to enter into the land of Canaan, and now, because of all the past, Caleb claimed as his inheritance Hebron.

"Forty years old was I when Moses the servant of the Lord sent me from Kadesh-Barnea to spy out the land, and I brought him word again as it was in my heart."

"And Moses sware on that day saying, surely the land whereupon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's forever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord thy God."

"So I am this day four score and five years old. As yet I

am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: As my strength was then, even so is my strength now for war, both to go out and to come in. Now, therefore, give me this mountain whereof the Lord spake in that day."

So this great heart had been all these years intent on choosing as his own the very locality which had filled the rest of the spies with fear. And the historian concludes: "Therefore Hebron became the inheritance of Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenizzite, because that he wholly followed the Lord the God of Israel." And he does not forget to add, almost as an aside, "It is Caleb's to this day."

Now this is not a strange bit of history, a story that tends to haunt us with disquieting fears, because it presents the unattainable. The story of Caleb is an appealing story for humanity, because it reveals the life of an obscure man, a man who was content to remain obscure, but who was determined to do his work and live out his life in the true spirit of faith and manly strength.

It was not a life lived in the high places of earth, and because of that it more directly appeals to us and furnishes us with a new incentive to live. The world has not been without such lives in every age of the world's history and it is such lives that have made the world valuable, and kept life sweet all through the generations. Every sphere of life has been enriched with such lives and in the region of faith all life is one. But perhaps in no sphere of life has such courage been noticeably so prominent as among the lives of our missionaries.

The history of the last hundred years of the church is as full of valor and faith as the first hundred years. Men all unknown to themselves, as Caleb, went forth, and by their bravery made life more worthy to be lived. Page after page of the history of the Church of our own day is crowded with such events as constrain men to believe that the God of Caleb and Joshua is the God who reigns and inspires to-day.

Recall the missionary who chose a certain part of South America because the people were so fierce, the climate so repulsive, and the work so difficult that no one else would be likely





ARCHIE McCALLUM



SAMUEL JAMIESON



ALEX. BRYSON



JAMES ROSS



JOHN BURNS



ARCHIE LOWRIE GILLIES

## Sixth Line Session, St. Andrew's



ANDREW McCLURE\*

\*Deceased.



ARCHIE McMURCHY\*



ALEX. McMILLAN\*

to take it up. Recall our own Livingstone begging to be sent anywhere, so long as it was "forward." And then amid every known discouragement, persevering in his task, and ever girding himself with fresh energy, in spite of pain of body and of heart, almost beyond human endurance.

Surely these men and a great host of others, received Hebron for their inheritance, and it remains in their possession until this day.

But my friends the inheritance of Canaan was not won by the few prominent men, whose names stood out as great leaders and guides; Canaan was won and held by the bravery and courage and faith of the great host of unnamed warriors, who heard the command, who drank of the Spirit; and who were content to do their work day by day and year by year with only this promise, "that the land whereon their feet have trodden shall be an inheritance to them and their children for ever."

Joshua could not have led had not Caleb been at his side, to exercise the faith, to do the work, and to hold fast the courage that is everywhere needed as this world advances from the lower to the higher, and onward to perfection.

And the same is true to-day. In thinking of the history of our beloved church, we are not unmindful of the men who stood in the forefront of the battle, men whose names were familiar to everyone; whose lives were given freely and fully.

But my desire to-day, is to pay tribute to those men who are not known in glory or in song, but the men who asked for Hebron because it was hard, and who have gone on and have done their work as under the eye of the great Taskmaster.

You in this community have had such a man in your midst for 50 years. It is not for me to try and do that which will be so much better done by other men—to say of your minister what ought to be said. But I am constrained to emphasize the lesson that has been before you for the half century, the lesson of a man who was content to do his duty, who was content to live his life, believing that the best life is not to be conditioned by place, but by spirit.

Fifty years ago to-day your minister entered into a solemn compact with God which I believe has never been broken, that he would always do his best, that he would not worry, that he would do with his might what his hand found to do, and leave the rest to God. That has been the secret spring of his life, and that is what has enabled him to go in and out among you for all these years, bearing always the charm of a blameless life. Hebron he asked for because it was hard, because of the Anakim that dwelt there. For were the story of this community written in detail, it would undoubtedly reveal great battles fought, defeats often, victories often, days of discouragement, days of weariness and sorrow and darkness, but also days of joy and rejoicing; and now the fulfilment of the promise, Hebron at last becoming the inheritance of Caleb, the son of Jephunneh.

Let me come back again to my starting point. "Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you, for every one that asketh receiveth."

Such a life is possible for everyone. What we ask we shall receive. God is still waiting to pour out His gifts, to grant His inheritance to those who ask.

It is not possible for us to be all great leaders, we shall not all be called to sit in the high places of this world. But we can all live our own life; we can faithfully perform our task. Then the mountain of the Lord shall be ours, and Hebron shall be our inheritance for ever.

When the history of this great church comes to be written, a chapter will be reserved for you. For all unconscious to yourselves, you have been laying the foundation of empire and church, by your faithfulness, your patience, your love, your courage and hope, and the secret of it all is the everlasting Gospel of our blessed Master.

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Though the evening service was set to begin at seven o'clock, long before that hour every place was occupied, so that soon after



six o'clock it was decided to begin the service. Rev. John Neil, D.D., was the preacher, and he spoke as follows:—

*“ The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips ; he walked with me in peace and equity and did turn many away from iniquity. For the priest's lips should keep knowledge and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord.”—MALACHI 2 : 6-7.*

ISRAEL was chosen from amongst the nations of the earth, that through her the knowledge of God might be made known to the whole world. To fit her for this high mission, God committed to her His Oracles; she was subjected to strict discipline, and men whom God Himself had chosen were to be her priests. Our text describes the qualities these men were to possess. As we know they were not true to what God intended them to be, and as a result the nation suffered. On this memorable occasion I have chosen these words as descriptive of the character of many of the men who in the early history of our country were the spiritual leaders of the people.

Canada has much to be thankful for. We in Ontario and in many other parts of Canada, possess the inestimable heritage of a strong and noble ancestry. Our fathers and mothers came from the old land, bringing with them much of what was best in the country of their birth. They were not as a rule rich or learned or of high social rank, but they were true and strong and tender. They feared God and prized the sanctities of the home. The hearth and the altar were found together. We often speak of what the Puritans did for New England. They did not do one whit more nor were they one whit nobler than were our forefathers, who in those early days came from England, Ireland and Scotland, and laid the foundations of all that is worth prizing in our civilization of to-day. With those pioneers came learned and pious ministers, who had been trained in the universities of the old land. They ministered to congregations in the wilderness. They went from place to place establishing churches and giving an impetus not only to the religious, but also to the

intellectual life of the people. I am persuaded that no men did as much to place our educational institutions on a firm foundation as the ministers of the different denominations in that early time. They were not afraid of hard work. They travelled immense distances on horseback or on foot, with only a blazed trail for a road through the forest that they might minister to the little groups of settlers who were scattered over the country. They were willing to sleep anywhere, to eat anything, to endure any hardship. Dr. Carmichael is a worthy representative of these. It is true he belongs to a slightly younger generation, and was born in Canada, but he did his share fifty years ago in laying the foundations. Many a countryside in the northern districts of Ontario is spiritually fertile because in those early days he founded or strengthened the church there. I have said he is the representative of those noble men, the vast majority of whom have passed away; I should rather say he is the connecting link between the past and the present. We see in him united in beautiful harmony what was best in the past and is most worthy in the present. Let us see in what respects this is true.

I. These men were in the truest sense messengers of God. The law of truth was in their mouth. Not only were they truthful men, but they had a firm grasp of the truth of God. They were men, many of whom had passed through a deep spiritual experience and from their earliest infancy had been breathing a spiritual atmosphere. The Bible, the Shorter Catechism and the Pilgrims' Progress had been their text books in the home. They believed what they had been taught there. In their preaching there was no uncertain sound. They had had no doubt of their intellectual difficulties, and had, like most thinking men, passed through a season of perplexity, but they had emerged into the clear light, and with tremendous emphasis they declared the great truths of the Gospel. I have read a number of the sermons of some of these men, and that which impressed me most was the tone of conviction with which they spoke. I need not say that Dr. Carmichael is in this a worthy representative of these men. No man ever had his faith unsettled by his ministry or was left in uncertainty as to the vital importance of the message

to which he listened. This does not mean that Dr. Carmichael has closed his eyes to new light; he has always been a singularly open-minded man. He has welcomed the truth from whatever quarter it came. He has always claimed for himself, and has freely granted to others the right to keep ear and eye open to hear and see what reverent scholars had to say and write on the great spiritual problems of the age, but he never swerved from the great fundamental truths of the Gospel. He has been like the elm, so deeply rooted that it remains unmoved by the greatest storm, and yet its outer branches are so slender that they are swayed with the slightest breeze. In this age when there is so much to unsettle and when even the most fundamental doctrines are being challenged, it is refreshing and assuring to listen to a man who for over eighty years has lived in the bosom of the faith, and for over fifty years has preached it, and who can now go to the pulpit with a steady step and with a firm voice say, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

II. He is the representative of those men who guarded knowledge, and brought to their people the best that heart and brain could produce. I do not say that all those early preachers gave of their best. There were exceptions, but as a rule they were conscientious in preparation and indefatigable in search for truth. Not only did they secure good nourishing food, but they did their best to so prepare and serve it that it would be palatable. Has this not been true of Dr. Carmichael? His sermons have not all been of equal merit, but there is not one of which he has reason to be ashamed, for he prepared them in the sight of God. They were presented as a sacrifice on His altar before they became food for men. There has been nothing slovenly, nothing superficial. From the world of nature, from the best literature at his command, from his knowledge of men and of his own heart, and above all from the Book of books, he has brought to his people Sabbath after Sabbath things new and old. Again we have in him a man whom nature as well as grace ordained for the ministry of the Gospel. Those early preachers were loyal to the truth, and they were conscientious in their work, but they





ROBERT GELLATLY



ARCHIBALD MCGILL



JAMES CAIRNS

## Third Line Session

were not all great preachers. Preachers, like poets, are born, not made, and to some were denied the gifts and graces which are essential to the highest effectiveness in the pulpit. Others would have stood in the first rank in any list of preachers. Dr. Carmichael stands in that rank. On him was placed at birth the mantle of the prophet. He is a Celt, and the Celt wherever found, whether in the Emerald Isle, in Wild Wales, amongst the mountains of Scotland, or in the land to which he has emigrated, is an orator. The man whom we to-day delight to know, has that poetic fancy, that imaginative insight, that spiritual fervor which are essential to true eloquence. How often you who have been privileged to listen to him have been carried on the wings of fancy to the Eternal City, and have heard the songs of the angels and of the redeemed, and have had glimpses of the clouds of glory which veil the eternal throne.

There is, however, something more important than all I have mentioned. These men were not only the messengers of God, but they were themselves men of God. They had been brought face to face with eternal realities, and had given themselves unreservedly to God. This was after all the secret of their power. Their lives were more eloquent than their lips, and therefore God crowned their labors. This is the secret of a successful ministry; This is what tells in the end. Dr. Carmichael has been with you for fifty years. He has lived a blameless life. You may forget many of his sermons, you can never forget the man, and ever as a vision of him rises before you, you will think of his manly independence of character, his sterling honesty, his selfdenying labors, his sympathy and tenderness, and above all his humble consistent walk with God, and you will say we have been entertaining not unawares a true servant of the Most High. For fifty years he has been going in and out amongst you, every Sabbath he broke for you the bread of life. He visited you in your homes as pastor and friend; he married your young men and maidens; he baptized your children and buried your dead. He was with you in joy and sorrow; he mourned with those who mourned and rejoiced with those who rejoiced. Can you ever forget him?

We in the Presbytery of Toronto seek to do him honor, and

in doing so represent the whole Presbyterian Church in Canada and many, very many outside that church. We feel that the highest honor we can bestow upon him is to seek to imitate his virtues. Time and again we have asked him to represent us on important public occasions, and we have never been disappointed in him. Time and again when we have been tempted to be selfish or indolent or careless or impatient, his life has been a rebuke to us. Is it not the same with you? You have been highly privileged, great are your responsibilities. If you are not true; if righteousness and the fear of God do not dwell here, you have no excuse. The highest honor you can confer on him is to remember his teaching; to cling to the cross and to follow him in so far as he followed Christ.

## The Presbytery Meeting.

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ON Thursday, October sixth the wind and rain swept unceasingly over the hills of King, and those who knew of the four-mile drive from the railway station to St. Andrew's Church shivered at the prospect. It was a splendid tribute to Dr. Carmichael that on such a day more than one hundred and thirty went up from Toronto. The people of King had made all provision for the crowd, and one speedily forgot the weather in the hearty Highland welcome that was given.

Rev. Malcolm Mackinnon, the newly elected Moderator, took the chair, and at 10 a.m. the Presbytery proceeded to dispose of a rather heavy docket of business. The principal feature of the session was the strong appeal of the representatives of Old St. Andrew's, Toronto, for the release of Prof. Law from the Chair of New Testament in Knox College, that he might be free to accept a call from their congregation. The call was sustained, but further consideration deferred to allow the College to be heard.

Meantime the ladies had been busy all morning preparing to entertain the hundreds who were gathered. It was long after noon before the Presbytery adjourned, and quite three o'clock before the meeting of the afternoon began.

## The Afternoon Meeting.

ABOUT three o'clock the Moderator took the Chair in the large tent that had been pitched to accommodate the numbers who were expected. A psalm was sung, led by Mr. Hugh Mitchell, who had "raised the trune" fifty years ago before at the ordination service, and after the reading of Scripture and



prayer, led by Rev. Dr. R. P. Mackay, the Moderator briefly addressed the congregation as follows:—

**I** HAVE no intention of speaking this afternoon for the Presbytery of Toronto, as that body will speak for itself. I wish to make only a few personal observations. I join in extending cordial congratulations to the Rev. Dr. Carmichael on the completion of Fifty years in this pastoral charge. This may be said to be a unique achievement. The presence of this large congregation this afternoon testifies very distinctly to the warm affection they hold for Dr. Carmichael. Nothing else would have sufficed to call so many people together on such a day as this. The clouds hang heavily overhead, the sun is obscured, there may be showers, but they are after all showers of blessing. In spite of this disagreeable weather, it is delightful to see so many here. I desire to congratulate the congregation on their sustained interest in their pastor for 50 years, and I am sure they deserve very special congratulations on their presence here to-day, and on the warm interest they are exhibiting in connection with this celebration, which of course they certainly ought to show.

It is pleasant to think of the cordial relations that have always existed between Dr. Carmichael and his congregation during the past fifty years. Putting up with a minister for so long time was certainly no easy task, but in this case it was a real labor of love, and they should be warmly congratulated. As a neighboring pastor I have never heard a word against Dr. Carmichael, or as you call him "The Doctor," and I am sure he is worthy of the high regard you entertain for him.

At the close of his address he called upon the Clerk, Rev. R. C. Tibb, to read the following address from the Presbytery, which was accompanied by a purse of gold, presented in the name of the members, by Mr. George Keith.

#### **PRESBYTERY'S ADDRESS.**

**T**HE Presbytery of Toronto, of which you have been so long an honored member, desires to share with your many friends in celebrating the Jubilee of your ministry in the pastorate of this church. In an age of change and unrest, such

an event is singular and worthy of special recognition. The Presbytery, however, desires to do this chiefly, because of personal regard for yourself and appreciation of the high quality of your work during all these years. Your ministry has been distinguished and fruitful. You have had a message from God, and delivered it with the authority of that conviction. You believed in the possibility of man's restoration to the likeness and fellowship of Christ, and you accepted this ministry of reconciliation as the highest and most potent service it is possible for man to render to his fellows. Your whole ministerial life has been a living testimony to the strength and value of this conviction.

In addition to a clear apprehension of truth you are gifted with a poetic temperament. Like the prophets of old, you have had visions of the unseen. Your messages have had the glow and fervor of the other world, which at times imparted peculiar interest and power to your ministry, of which you yourself were unconscious. For such a ministry we thank God who gave gifts unto men.

It is known to your brethren that you have had tempting invitations to other and larger spheres of labor which were declined, although none but yourself doubted your qualifications, either as to scholarship or as to the strength, freshness and fervor of your ministry. The fact that you chose to continue your work in the more secluded and arduous field, is but another expression of the modesty and unselfishness that characterizes your whole life, and which your brethren do not fail to recognize and appreciate.

On many occasions you were called upon by the Presbytery to discharge duties requiring special ability and discrimination, and the Presbytery was never disappointed. Through careful scholarship, literary taste, and above all through fervid and appropriate imagery, your services were helpful and inspiring. Although years have passed, you have never grown old. You kept abreast of the new movements of the Church and of the world. The great awakening in missions during recent days finds no more ardent advocate. The movements amongst the students, young people and laymen have had your sympathetic

interest and co-operation so far as conditions made that possible. You have grown with the times in which you live, being neither afraid of change, nor carried away by transitory schemes or speculations that were not verified. Faith in truth and in the God of truth have steadied and directed your course.

During these long fifty years you ministered to these people, sharing their joys and sorrows. You sought to bind up the broken-hearted and bring deliverance to the captive: you broke with them the Sacramental Bread, and sang the songs of Zion together. You stood by them at the open grave, and reminded them of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. All this you were the better able to do, because your own home had not been spared. The knife had entered your own soul. Multitudes passed out into the Eternity, carrying with them the impression of your life and work, and in that day when the Books are opened, you will, we doubt not, get your recognition and receive your reward.

You have made a good and worthy record, and your brethren of the Presbytery of Toronto most cordially congratulate you and unite with you in giving thanks to Him, who endowed you with enabling grace, and whose promises failed not. In these congratulations we would not forget your faithful partner in life. Our prayer is that the evening of life for both of you may be increasingly peaceful and triumphant. When the roll-call comes, may you have an abundant entrance into that Kingdom for whose coming you so faithfully labored, and into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

### **TORONTO MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.**

Rev. John Neil, D.D., presented the greetings of the Ministerial Association of Toronto, in a brief address. He said:

**I** WAS instructed on Monday morning at the meeting of our General Ministerial Association, to convey congratulations to Dr. Carmichael and the congregation at King. This resolution, which was moved by a Methodist, seconded by a Bap-

tist, supported by a Congregationalist, was most enthusiastically and unanimously adopted by an Association which embraces all the Protestant Denominations of Toronto. They all feel that a man who has been for fifty years such a prominent force in the religious life of the whole community, and who has been so catholic in his spirit, is worthy of all honor.

### THE CONGREGATION'S MESSAGE.

Mr. Robert Maclaggart, Elder, read the message of the Congregations to their beloved Minister, and Mr. John Burns presented Dr. Carmichael with a substantial cheque as a tangible expression of their affection. The address is as follows:—

**T**O the Reverend James Carmichael, D.D.:—On this the fiftieth anniversary of your induction into St. Andrews, King, it is with gratitude to Almighty God, who has spared for so many years so faithful and so devoted a servant to minister unto us, that we take this opportunity of giving expression to our appreciation of His goodness and our sincere and devoted affection for yourself.

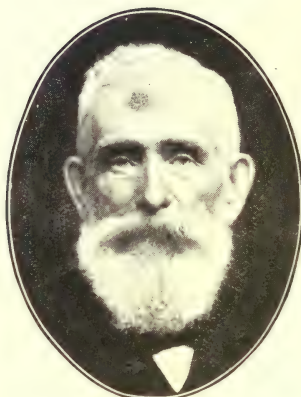
Half a century ago there were scattered through this township sturdy sons of Scotia's Highlands, who were true to the best traditions of the Church of Scotland. Their call went forth for one who could minister to them in the Gaelic tongue. That call was heard and responded to by one of the ablest graduates of the College of the Church.

For fifty years you have been true to all that was highest and best in that call. As an earnest and lifelong student your expositions of The Word have been stimulating and life-giving. Your profound reverence for all things sacred has left its impression upon the generations who have known no other minister. You have rejoiced with us at many a marriage feast. You have gone with us into the valley of the shadow, and our joys have been purer and our burdens lighter because you shared them with us. You have dedicated to the service of God in the sacrament of baptism our little children unto the third and fourth generation, and one by one you have led the way to God's acre, where





ROBERT MACTAGGART



DUNCAN CAIRNS



H. E. DAVIS

**10th Line  
Session**



ALEX. MITCHELL\*



HUGH MITCHELL\*



GEO. CHAMBERLAIN\*

\*Deceased.

*M. J. J. J.*  
25

the weary have found their rest. The old generation have almost all gone, and you only remain to remind of the days that are no more.

We ask you to accept this purse as a small token of our love, and we wish you to live in the manse for the rest of your days,—that the charm of all the happy associations that cluster about it may not be broken, and that we who love you so well and respect you so highly may still have other and better opportunities to express what words can never tell.

Signed on behalf of the congregation.

### **ST. ANDREW'S AND ST. PAUL'S, VAUGHAN.**

The sister congregations of St. Andrew's and St. Paul's, Vaughan, had asked to be permitted to share in the celebration, and their congratulations and appreciation were presented in an address, most happily expressed, and read by the Minister, Rev. James Gordon, B.D. This also was accompanied with a purse of gold presented by Mr. Charles McNeil. These neighboring congregations in their address said:—

**D**EAR Dr. Carmichael:—On this day when your own people, your own family, your own children are gathered about you, it may seem as if it were a time when mere neighbors should not intrude; at a family party even the nearest neighbors are not wanted. If therefore we considered ourselves your neighbors only, perhaps we should have stood aside, and reverently looked on as your own family did you honor. But we have a feeling that we are far more than neighbors. Some of us are prodigal sons who have run away from home, but we are still your children; some of us are daughters who are fulfilling womanly duties in new homes, but we still love our old home, and the remainder are sons and daughters by adoption. We are your neighbors, but we are far more than that, we are your children. We too claim a place in your great family circle, and it is as members of that family circle that we are here to-day. As your own people crowd about you, feeling that they have the right to the place nearest to you, we crowd in next to them, getting in front of so great and

august a body as the Toronto Presbytery, who however important they may be on other occasions, must come only next to us to-day. But it is not only as members of your family that we are here. We come not only because of the present, but because of the past; our fathers have told us of you, we know that before many of us saw the light of day, your name was a household word in our homes. As little children we looked with awe into your face as you preached to us in the Gaelic. As boys and girls we laughed at your funny stories, and loved you for your smile. Then we became men and women, and as the battle of life became a serious and even tragic thing for us, we marvelled at the quietness and serenity of your walk among men.

You have been with us on many, many occasions. When we rejoiced we sent for you and you rejoiced with us, and when sorrow came you were often found standing amongst us as our friend and comforter. When we found ourselves suddenly wandering as sheep without a shepherd, you heard our cries, and came to us and found another who would lead us.

We are come here to-day, therefore, bearing the good wishes and prayers of your friends in Vaughan, and as we read to you these single broken words, we hope that you will read between the lines, and know that they are meant to convey to you something of the love and reverence with which our fathers, and we, their children, have always looked upon you. We have brought with us a little present, and we hope you will accept it at our hands. If it helps you to realize that in very truth we do love you, and does thereby make some brighter your declining years, we shall be satisfied. We wish for you and Mrs. Carmichael the peace and blessing of God which passeth all understanding.

Signed on behalf of the congregation of St. Andrew's and St. Paul's, Vaughan.

### **THE GAELIC SOCIETY.**

For many years Dr. Carmichael has been the Chaplain of The Gaelic Society of Canada. It was most fitting that an address should be presented from them, and that it should be couched in

the Gaelic tongue. Mr. Alexander Fraser, the Provincial Archivist, his handsome figure well set off in the Highland dress, read the address. The dull ears of the Sassenach caught only the musical rhythm of the periods as they fell, but the eyes of the old man eloquent, to whom it was addressed, began to sparkle and the bent figure straightened as he listened. And when the address closed with the beautiful closing words of the Ninety-second Psalm, the aged head bowed reverently, and one's eyes grew dim as we watched him, and interpreted in his face something of the sentiment expressed in the language he loved so well.

The address is given, by the courtesy of Mr. Fraser, in the Gaelic and also in the English.

Do'n Urramach Seumas MacIllehmicheil (Carmichael) D.D.,  
Ministear an t-sòisgeil, aig King, Ontario.

Uasail Urramaich: Tha bhur deagh chàirdean, buill a'Chomuinn so, g'a mheas na shochair mhòr a bhi 'faotainn an cothram so gu bhi 'eur an céill an spéis agus an deagh rùn a tha againn d'ur taobh.

Tha sinn a' deanamh aoibhneis leibh gu'n do shineadh bhur bliadhnachan gus an la'n diugh, gu'n deachaidh slàinte agus neart a thoirt dhuibh gu bhi seasamh air ceann bhur dreuchd àrda, re leth cheud bliadhna a dh'àmsir.

Re cuibhrionn mhòr de 'n ùine sin bha co-cheangail dlùth agaibh ris a Chomunn so, mar mhinistear, agus bithidh cuimhne fhada againn air na combhairlean, na h-earalan, agus air na teagasgan dhrùidhteach, a thug sibh dhuinn o' am gu h-am ann am baile Thoronto.

Bha 'ur chridhe ghnàth blàth d'ur luchd-dùthdha; bha dàimh dhùthchasach agaibh do na Gàidheil, agus bha gràdh neo-chaochlaideach agaibh do chràbhadh, do ehleachdadh, agus do dh'eachdraidh bhur sinnsearan; bha sibh riamh deas gu bhi cuid-eachadh gach oidheirp iomchuidh air an sgàth; choisinn agus ghleidh sibh cliu-thoillteanach mar sheanair ghlan-inntinneach, éudmhor chum maith,—fiùghail anns gach dòigh. Agus, a nis, 'n uair a tha sibh air bhur n-àrdachadh am measg bhur bràithrean, tha sinne mar an ceudna ag aonadh leòtha ann a bhi a' tàirgse



dhuibh ar gràdh, 's ar deagh dhùrachd gu'm bi ciar ghrian bhur làithean a' pilleadh d'a clos le ceumana màirnealach, mall.

Is e ar guidh gu'm bi sibh a' mealtainn ~~q~~aoin ghràsan sith Dhe 'n an làn tomhais ri fad bhur là s bhur ré, gu 'm bi aoibhneas an Spioraid Naomh ag ùrachadh bhur n-anam am feadh 'sa bhitheas sibh fathasd a'gabhail còmhnuidh 'n ar measg, agus gu 'm bi focail Salmadair rioghail Israeil air an co-lionadh annaibh:—

“Bidh piseach air an fhirean chòir,  
Mar phailm-chrann ùrar glas;  
Mar shéudar àrd air Lebanon,  
A fàs gu dìreach bras.

An dream tha air an suideachadh  
An tigh 's àros Dé  
An cuirtibh greadhnach àrd' ar Dia,  
Sior-fhàsaidh iad gach ré.

'San am's am bi iad aosmhor liath,  
Bheir iad mòr mheas a mach;  
Is bithidh sultmhor le deadh bhlàth  
Dhiubh sud na h-uile neach.

A chum 's gu féuch iad gu bheil Dia  
Ro-chothramach is ceart;  
Mo charraig e, 's cha' 'n eil ann féin,  
Aon éucoir no droch-bheart.”

Ann an ainm Comuinn Gaidhlig Chanada, agus, fo ar laimh,

Seoras MacDhomhail,  
*Riaghladair.*

Alasdair MacCoinnich,  
Alasdair MacIllinnein,  
*Runadairean.*

Iain Catanach MacIllemhaoil,  
Alasdair Friseal,

Niall Robastan,  
Domhnall Moireastan,  
Lachluinn MacCorcadal,  
Alasdair MacChoinnich,  
Alasdair Caimbeul,  
Alasdair C. Gordan,

*Roimh-Riaghladairean.*

Eobhan MacIllerigh,  
Iain Darroch,

*Iar-Righladairean.*

Domhnall Friseal,

*Ionmhasair.*

Alasdair MacIllebhraighe,

*Co-Ministeir.*

Baile, Toronto, an seathamh la de'n deicheamh mios de'n  
bhliadhna, naoi ceud deug 's a deich.

*( Translation of address of Gaelic Society. )*

To the Reverend James Carmichael, D.D., King, Ontario:

Reverend Sir:—Your warm friends of the Gaelic Society of  
Canada deem it a privilege to have this opportunity of express-  
ing to you their esteem and good-will.

We rejoice with you on your having lived to this day; that  
health and strength have been given to you to discharge the  
duties of your high calling for fifty long years.

During a considerable portion of that period you have been  
in close touch with our Society as Chaplain, and your counsels,  
precepts, and impressive teachings given to us in Toronto, will  
be long and gratefully remembered.

Your heart has been ever warm toward your fellow country-  
men; your love for the religion, good customs, and history of  
your forefathers has been ever constant; you have been ever  
ready to help every good effort on their behalf; and you have  
won and sustained our highest esteem as a disinterested, zealous,



MISS CATHERINE TINLINE



HUGH MITCHELL  
Precentor who "raised the tune" at  
the induction.



MRS. WM. CAIRNS

Members  
present at  
induction in  
1860  
who are still  
living



JAMES WELLS



MRS. JAMES WELLS

and worthy father and guide amongst us. And now when you are honored by your brethren we also join with them in offering you our affection and our earnest desire that the sun of your calm evening may return to its setting with slow and gentle pace.

It is our prayer that you may enjoy the gracious peace of God in full measure, to the end of your days, that the joy of the Holy Spirit may refresh your soul while you linger on the shore of time, and that the words of Israel's royal minstrel may be fulfilled to you:—

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

To shew that the Lord is upright: He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him.

### **KNOX COLLEGE.**

Dr. Carmichael was a member of the Examining Board of Knox College for many years, his knowledge of Hebrew giving him exceptional advantages as an examiner, and to this work he gladly gave his time and scholarship. Principal Gandier spoke for Knox College as follows:—

**M**R. Moderator and Friends:—I could wish that those who planned the programme to-day, had given me some intimation that I would be called upon to represent Knox College; for on so important an occasion, one would like to speak some word worthy of him whom we delight to honor.

As we came across the beautiful country this morning, the words of our Lord came to my mind,—“Other men labored and ye have entered into their labors.” I thought of the marvellous changes that have come within the lifetime of men and women now living. We have only to go back to the time when Dr. Car-



michael was a child to find all this Western Ontario a wilderness. Our forefathers came into this wild Western land, and with toil and hardship, sacrifice and patience, cleared the forests, made homes for themselves in the midst of the wilderness, planted the school and the Church and laid the foundations of all the institutions that are the glory of our land to-day: and we come to our day of opportunity and responsibility just in time to reap the fruit of all their toil and escape all their hardships. I do not think we can too frequently remind ourselves of the debt we owe to the past and especially to our pioneer forefathers and the fathers of our Canadian Church. Even in the early part of Dr. Carmichael's ministry there were hardships and discouragements that we little know of to-day, and because of the faithfulness of these men of fifty years ago, our country and our Church are what they are to-day. Dr. Carmichael is a fine illustration of what is possible to a Presbyterian minister in a permanent pastorate. A thoughtful man, a lover of books, a man interested in all that pertains to the intellectual life of the age, a man of sympathy and of home tastes, he has grown with the passing years and has never lost his mental grip or his hold on his people. In this day, when vulgar self-advertising is so common, it is refreshing to find one, like our reverend friend who, with scholarship, intellectual ability, and fine gifts of speech, has had no touch of ambition, ecclesiastical or worldly, but has been content to pursue the even tenor of his way for fifty years in this quiet country parish, asking naught save a place in the heart and life of his people. Dr. Carmichael is a man of rare gifts, and he has rendered valuable assistance on the Senate of Knox College and as a Lecturer in Queen's, but his real life work has consisted in ministering to three generations of men and women who have risen up about him here and have passed out to the larger life of the world, or remain to do him honor this day.

The Christian life and beautiful character of this man has had a splendid influence on this community, and I know it has been an influence for good with all his brethren in the ministry, and particularly in the Presbytery of Toronto. We thank God that he has spared our father to this good old age and allowed

him to see, ere he goes from us, that his worth and ability are appreciated. It is reassuring to see, as we do this day, that in the end worth is appreciated and character tells. The consistent Christian life does count, let the cynics say what they will. We sometimes wonder, as we face the failure of the Church and the iniquity of the world, whether there is anything in Christianity, but when we think of our fathers, when we look upon men like my predecessor Principal MacLaren, and Dr. Carmichael here, we say to ourselves, "the religion that has given us that type of man is the religion we need—it is the religion that the world needs." These living epistles speak to our hearts with an assurance no arguments of the apologist can give.

Let me close by saying that I am delighted to be here and join with you in doing honor to our father in Christ and to assure him that his sphere has not been a narrow one, that the influence of his life has been wider and deeper than that of many men who have made more noise in the world.

### QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

Queen's College never forgets her sons. With maternal solicitude she watches their course after they leave her walls, and often sends those who are high in her councils to give a word of cheer to one far distant, and who may be tempted to feel that he is out of her reach. Dr. Carmichael is one of her earliest children and is specially beloved. Principal Gordon desired to come to the celebration of the Jubilee, but was hindered. His place was ably taken by Prof. Jordan, who happily conveyed the greeting of his Alma Mater to the child of fifty years. Dr. Jordan said:—

**M**R. Moderator, Ladies and Gentlemen:—After these intimate expressions of affection and these very appropriate signs of gratitude, it seems almost like an intrusion for an outsider to have anything to say, but I stand here to-day not in my own personal capacity, but as a representative of Principal Gordon and of Queen's University.

A friend of mine in England, whose business was connected with the coal mines, told me once when he was having a holiday

in Wales, he went into a strange charge and it was only when the services commenced that he found it was in a foreign tongue, and speaking about the preacher, he said: "I did not understand what he said, but he turned some stuff over." (Applause). Well, I had a similar feeling in listening to Mr. Fraser. I could not understand what he said, but I have no doubt he turned over some material of the same musical and mystic quality.

The task that I have to perform very briefly is to present the congratulations of the Senate and Trustees of Queen's University on this happy occasion. Dr. Carmichael is, I believe, in a two-fold sense a graduate of Queen's University, and he also served for a number of years in a professional capacity. Dr. Carmichael was splendidly equipped for any position he might wish to assume, either that of teacher or in the direction in which he chose his life work. And speaking from my own personal experience, I may say that when a man passes from the pastorate to the professorship, that is when he gives up pastoral work altogether, there is for a long time a deep sense of loss, caused by the cessation of intimate fellowship with his people. There is nothing more sacred that I know of than the relationship of a Minister to his people. A man who not only has the privilege of preaching to them on the Sabbath day, but is with them in sickness and sorrow, as well as in their hours of success and joy, there is nothing deeper, nobler, more elevating than that, and the professor who will do his duty in other directions is cut off very largely from that.

I have very much pleasure in congratulating Dr. Carmichael after having completed fifty years of such noble service. From the tone of the addresses we have had, the congregation that has come under Dr. Carmichael's influence have appreciated fully the noble work he has always tried to do for them. Beecher once said that the explanation of short pastorates was "the mercy of God on the congregation." I would like to say here that I think if the people who are clamoring for a lower standard of ministerial education have their way, we will not be fulfilling the practical needs of the country, and in addition we are deliberately lowering the standard of studentship and scholarship of the

Presbyterian ministry. We will be turning out men who will need the grace of God in that particular.

I would like to say here that Dr. Carmichael not only contributed to Queen's his own loyalty and services, but also one of his sons—the noblest contribution a man can make to an institution or to his country. I would like to pay tribute to the late Professor Norman Carmichael, a man with whom I was more intimately acquainted than with his father, and I can say that during his career with us—all too short—he gave his life for that University. He was a practical illustration of the fact that the University has been built up by conscientious, self-denying and laborious men who love her. He gave the best part of his life and knowledge to the University, and standing now in the presence of the Father and Mother, we should remember that the richness of their ministry has been contributed to by the fact that they have known the very deepest sorrow and it is appropriate to pay through them a tribute to one who gave the very best services he was capable of to the Institution I represent.

I am exceedingly sorry that Principal Gordon was unable to be here, but the work of the University prevented him from being present and he deputed that task to myself. I am sure it is a pleasure for us to gather here to-day, a large assembly under somewhat favorable circumstances, to pay tribute to a man who has been modest and faithful, and surely we should feel there is no need at the present day to be ashamed of the Christian Ministry or of the religion we profess.

I have great pleasure in presenting with all the earnestness with which I am capable, thanks to Dr. Carmichael for his past services, our congratulations on this splendid celebration and our hope, both for himself and his wife, that there may yet be reserved for them many years of peaceful labor and kindly Christian enjoyment.

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Many present desired to give expression to their sentiments of affection and esteem, but the evening was drawing near, Dr. Parsons, Dr. Bruce, Dr. McTavish, Mr. Angus MacMurchy, K.C., Rev. W. A. Mactaggart each spoke briefly.



## DR. CARMICHAEL'S REPLY.

When Dr. Carmichael rose to reply there was a quick, spontaneous cheer, followed by an instant silence, for none wished to miss one word. He has made many beautiful addresses before the Presbytery, but he rose above them all on this supreme occasion. He said, with a quizzical twinkle in his eye:—

**T**HIS is about the hardest occasion I ever faced, to speak at all. In the face of the things said this afternoon, I begin to fancy a lot of men must have visited Ireland, and kissed the blarney stone. (Applause). Before I say anything I want to apologize to the Presbytery for the sort of weather they met with in King.

If I take these addresses one by one I think I will begin with the Gaelic. It is the most interesting to you all. (Applause). The fact is that the singing with the presenting of the address in Gaelic brought me back to fifty years ago, when I had hundreds of Highlanders around me here, men who were brought up and fed on oatmeal porridge and Gaelic.

'S iomad cuimhne thùrsach throm,  
Tha dusgadh fonn a bhròin a'm uehd,  
'Se thog an osnadh ann am chom  
Nach 'eil mi 'n tìr nam beann an nochd.

Ach e'àite a bheil na càirdean gràidh,  
Ga'n tug mi bàidh an làithean m'òig?  
'Se fà mo mhulaid is mo chràidh  
Mheud 's tha dhiubh an diugh fo'n fhòid.

Two generations have gone, and I am getting down among the third and fourth, and sometimes I see the fifth generation of my first communicants in church. It makes me feel like the Pàtriarch Methuselah.

As I look back on the kindness that has been accorded me this afternoon and all these addresses, it simply overpowers me. I tried to do my work. I had some strenuous bodily work. I

would not have lived to the Jubilee year if I had not had. I was out in the open air a good deal and I think it was really the drive back and forth from church to church that kept me alive. How often have I driven through snowdrifts, and again how often have I enjoyed driving through the beautiful fields of King in the summer, when the landscape looked like a cloth of gold.

I did not get as large a salary as some of these men in the city had. If I did I should not have known how to spend it, and I couldn't have gone to sleep lest a burglar should come. I was always satisfied. I stuck to the old line of things; I never had any craving after the new. It never caused me any worry because I did not let it get into me. I suppose because I had been trained in my early days in the Confession of Faith, there was no room, because my brain is not exceedingly large, for new things, like the questions that disturb people now. During the recent celebrations in Montreal, I stopped for a moment to think what good had been effected for Christianity in general, but I could not see that anything had been done. I could not understand the elaborate preparations. If anything I would say to my brethren would have any effect, I would just say preach the Gospel, the good old Gospel from your mother's Bible, and it will tell. It never fails.

To-day, of course, fifty years ago comes back a little to me. I think of the old men who were around me then, strong men, who had crossed the sea and come out here, and just because they were strong and dogged Presbyterians and it had entered into their blood, they worked away here in the wilderness to make homes for themselves and homes for the generations who should come after them, and we are reaping the fruits of these men's labors. Be steady my friends, keep your eyes fixed on the recompense, on the goal, and you will leave your mark in the world wherever your lot may be.

I miss the old kindly faces, faces that never sulked nor soured, that never tried to work up any strife or division in the congregation. Sometime I shall sleep beside them, and when the great roll-call shall sound, I have no doubt I will pass with many of them through the Gates of Paradise to see the King in His



JAS. BURNS



WM. TINLINE



JAMES McCALLUM

Elders at the time of induction all of  
whom are now deceased

beauty. I am exceedingly thankful to those who have spoken these kindly addresses and these kindly words and for every other token of appreciation for myself and my wife, and I hope God will shower his favors on you all.

I have always liked my work and it is not a pleasant thought to think of falling out of it, and giving it up, if that had to be done. But it has not. I know the Master has greater work, higher work on a higher sphere, in store, waiting for every true worker when his life on earth is ended. I wish you good-bye. I am not going away from you or the Presbytery. (Applause). May the Great King and Head crown all its labors with abundant success.

I thank you all heartily. I thank those who have labored this afternoon to make the entertainment and the afternoon so comfortable for us all. I wish you all for the present good-bye, and my heartiest thanks to everyone who has come with a good deal of inconvenience from a distance to show their respect for this King congregation here this afternoon.

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And so closed a memorable day. We forgot that the rain was driving over the hills still and that we must face it; we forgot the discomfort that would have brought gloom on any other occasion. Our hearts were warm with the love we bore him and the satisfaction it had given us to tell him so.

Then we left him, standing at the church door, and as we looked back again and saw him there we breathed a fervent "God bless you, God bless you both, and may He spare you many years to one another, and to us."



## The Story of St. Andrew's, King.

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THERE is no story of Canadian life quite so interesting as the story of the planting of the Christian Church. The work required great heroism; it was illumined with true romance; it has been crowned with a largeness, and a victory, of which even the most hopeful never dreamed.

The story can be read in the life of any community. Some have more coloring than others, yet it is all one.

The story of St. Andrew's Church, King, will carry a peculiar interest of course to the large congregation, who sometime or another worshipped here, but are now to distant parts removed.

It will bear a peculiar interest to the men and women who have now left King. For with the story of St. Andrew's is closely entwined the story of a minister who for 50 years was permitted to deliver the message of his Christ; and because none who now live can recall any other minister than James Carmichael.

Eighty years ago it was St. Andrew's, not much then of course, but it had a name, and a place, and it began to take on visibility.

The people were few in number, and not over rich in worldly possessions. A small log building on the 3rd concession, and another on the 6th. Still it was a beginning, a building consecrated to the worship of the God of their fathers. When they left their home land they brought with them sacred memories of the old parish church, and communion seasons of days gone by.

From the dim sheiling on the misty island mountains divide us, and a world of seas, but our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland, and in our dreams we behold the Hebrides.

Mr. Gordon (the first minister) was inducted in 1834. His charge was King and Newmarket. Other ministers and mis-

sionaries had found their way into King before this, perhaps the earliest was the Rev. Mr. McDowall, who was settled in the Bay of Quinte district. He and a Mr. Jenkins, who was settled in the township of Markham in 1820, and a Mr. Carruthers, a missionary sent out by the London Missionary Society near the beginning of last century, wandered to and fro through King visiting the homes of the pioneers, and preaching the Gospel wherever a few families could be gathered together.

Mr. Gordon's stay in King was brief. After three years he was transferred to Gananoque. Here he labored till he died in 1880, leaving behind him the sweet odor of a holy and consecrated life.

After a short vacancy the Rev. John Tawse was inducted on March 8th, 1837. These were the stirring days of the Upper Canada Rebellion, when the yeomen of King were out in force on the one side or the other. But the storm soon blew over, and all was calm again.

St. Andrew's was still a small building of hewn pine logs. The work was heavy. Preaching three times on the Sabbath, and travelling on horseback over roads that, at some seasons of the year seemed to be bottomless, required some strong determination. It was surely "a far ca'" from the granite paved streets of Aberdeen to the mud roads of King. But for 40 years he steadfastly kept on his way, till in April, 1877, just 40 years after his induction into King, he was called home to see the King in his beauty.

Great changes had taken place in King during these 40 years. The dread mystery of life and death, joy and sorrow, time and eternity was all around them. The old, friendly and familiar faces were passing away, and a new generation came on to act their part on life's busy stage. The old log churches had passed away, and in their place two substantial stone buildings had been erected. The people were better housed. The old log shanties had disappeared. Comfortable stone or brick houses had taken their place. Good schools were established all over the township, and the people were prosperous and happy. The stormy days of the disruption in 1844, passed over King, but did

the congregation little harm. They clung to the church of their fathers, and let the storm blow by. The agitation anent the secularization of the clergy reserves, in 1854, drew away a few of the half-hearted, but the main body of the congregation remained immovable. The union of the Presbyterian Churches affected King seriously. A number of families, highland to the last drop of blood, would not give up the old name, Church of Scotland, and stood aloof, till one by one they were called home to join the General Assembly in heaven.

Mr. Tawse died in April, 1877, after a ministry of forty years in King. His body lies beside the church where he had faithfully preached the glorious gospel of his Lord and Saviour. He sleeps among his people, whom he loved, and by whom he was beloved. The shepherd and his flock lying down together, waiting for the Resurrection morning, when together they shall arise to join the glorious throng on the margin of the glassy sea.

The present minister of St. Andrew's, King, was ordained and inducted on the second day of October, 1860. The intervening years embrace the lifetime of a ministry. Mr. Carmichael was born in the township of Beckwith, at the present time Carleton Place, breathing in his young days the rich ozone borne by the keen north wind as it swept over tens of thousands of acres of spruce and pine and hemlock and balsam. Here he laid in a store of health that has stood him in good stead for the long life that was to come after. His school masters were many and varied. There was the little log school-house, where knowledge of various kinds was instilled into the youthful mind, and body too. But the Bible, Old and New Testament, was a text book, and its precious lessons took such hold of heart and mind that they were never forgotten. The sublime poetry of the Book of Job, and the magnificent chapters of Isaiah were so deeply engraven on his heart that no after years could efface them. And then he had the overshadowing heavens, the deep blue sky, gemmed with its million, million stars, Orion and Pleiades, Arcturus and his sons. These were his teachers, and from his earliest years they left indelible impressions on his inmost soul.

He was brought up in a Highland settlement. He was early

familiar with a thousand legends and ghost stories brought out from the old home near the murmuring Earn. These, too, were his school-masters. Books he had to his heart's content; strong books—books that made you pause and think, and look up. And yet, was it characteristic of him that, with the first pailful of blackberries he sold, he bought a Book of Irish songs and melodies. He had the run of a fine library in the village near his home, and these books too, were his school-masters.

His home was five miles from the parish church, but he still remembers how delightful was the walk there and back on the long glorious summer Sabbaths. A few weeks ago he revisited the old church where he was baptized, and where he sat down for the first time at the communion table, beside father and mother, brothers and sisters. His thoughts went back to other days, and the vast crowd of worshippers from east, west, north and south that gathered within its sacred walls to listen to the old, old story of Jesus and His love, and to commemorate the undying love of the dying Saviour. The church is in ruins now. Its stone walls are broken down, and of all the old, friendly and familiar faces that he knew so well, and loved so dearly, scarcely one is to-day alive. Oh, the utter, utter loneliness of it all. "It's Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." Where are all these worshippers to-day? Do they ever think of the pleasant walks to the house of God on the Sabbaths of long ago? Do they recall as blessed memories communion seasons of days long gone by? As they look upon the face of the Holy One, do they call to mind the feelings of love and joy with which they commemorated His undying love, at His own table, here in the wilderness?

When his school days were ended he tried teaching school himself. It was a small, semi-private school of twenty or twenty-five scholars. It was only open the winter six months. He commenced on the munificent salary of eight pounds for the six months. If a teacher of the present day were offered such a salary he would have a fit. You could not convince him that Providence was in earnest in sending such an opening his way.

Then the change came; the tides of his life turned. A new



minister came to the parish. He was fresh from Queen's, and burning with enthusiasm for his Alma Mater. It was no hard matter to persuade Mr. Carmichael to come to the manse for lessons in Latin, Greek and Mathematics. Three pleasant years passed in this preparation work. It was laying the foundation for the superstructure that was to follow. It was a new world to the young student. Groping his way from "penna, a pen," on and on through Caesar and Virgil and Horace and Mathematics, was the opening of a door into a life of which he had not dared to dream before. Then came Queen's, with all its fascinations, leaving happy memories behind that will never fade; and, crowning all, a year in Glasgow College. There he had the advantage of listening to two of Scotland's greatest divines, Dr. John Caird and Dr. Norman Macleod. These men kindled a fire within him which would not die. During all his college course he did no mission work, never tried to preach. It was after Queen's had closed its doors behind him that he made the first attempt in a little village outside of Kingston.

Then came the last stage of his life, the period that was to stretch on and on through the next 50 years. On a dull day in early October the Presbytery of Toronto met in the small hewn log church to ordain the minister whom the congregation had previously called. There were present Dr. Barclay, the Rev. John Tawse, the Rev. John Brown, the Rev. Wm. McKee, and the Rev. Donald Ross, and the Elders, Jacob Wells, Archibald Cameron of Vaughan, and Wm. Tinline of King. They have all long since crossed the flood, and joined the great multitude on the margin of the crystal sea. And when the solemn service was ended, and the crowds dispersed at sunset, and he was left alone, no wonder that an eerie feeling crept over him. The future, dark, mysterious, unknown, stretched on and on before him. But he was not afraid. He resolved that come what may, he would never worry. He would do his best, and leave the rest to God. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," that's all God asks of thee.

St. Andrew's charge contained two churches. One was a substantial stone building, opened about three months after the

induction of the new minister; the other was a simple frame building erected the year before. This in the course of a few years gave place to a beautiful brick church, which is still in good condition. The churches are five miles apart. The congregation around each church was half Gaelic speaking, and half English. The Highlanders were chiefly from the west coast of Scotland, Argylishire, and the Islands; the English speaking were from the lowlands, with a sprinkling of warm-hearted Irish. So there had to be two services in each church, one in English, and one in Gaelic. The old minister had retained one church till, after a few years, he retired, and that church was added to the other two, and this arrangement has continued to this day. As the old members of the congregation passed away the Gaelic died with them, and now for twenty years there has been no Gaelic service in King. For many years there had to be a Gaelic table in each church at every communion, as well as a Gaelic service on each of the four days. The communion comes round more frequently now, and the service is more simple. But one misses the solemn communions of the olden days. They were then seasons to look forward to with holy longings, to look back to as the days of heaven upon the earth. This then, has been the story of St. Andrew's, King, for the last half century; three churches, three sermons every Sabbath, a drive of 22 miles. All the dread mystery of life has been at work here as everywhere else. Life and death, joy and sorrow, storm and calm, sunshine and shadow, have all been here. And yet the aged minister, who is laying aside his mantle, has never found his work unpleasant. He never regrets the choice he made 50 years ago, when he chose King as the field of his future labors. His life work has been among a people whom he loved, and by whom he has been beloved.

In this long ministry he has seen nearly 500 kindly faces laid away beneath the churchyard mould. The old generation has passed away, many of them almost touched the high-water mark of a full century. They were the pioneers of the wilderness, and fought a hard battle with the forests and the cold Canadian winters before they made for themselves a home here.

“Time like an ever-rolling scream  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.”

And if death was busy all those years, so was life. Six hundred and fifty little children were baptized. Many of them have married and grown old in the church where their fathers worshipped God. Many have wandered into other lands, and many have found an early grave. Frequently the minister looks down upon the fifth generation of his first communicants present in the house of God. So far as he knows, only one is left of all who sat down at the table of the Lord at the first communion. Possibly he has preached about eight thousand sermons, and he never was ashamed of any sermon. He simply did his best, put his strength into it, and left it with his God.

There were three Elders in the congregation at the beginning, Jas. Macallum Wm. Tinline, and James Burns. Additions were made to the Session from time to time. There are eight now, A. J. Macallum, S. Jamieson, Duncan Cairns, James Cairns, Robt. Gellatly, John Burns, James Ross and Alex. Bryson. Eleven members have been removed by death, and two are living in Toronto. So this page in the story of St. Andrew's closes. What will the next fifty years bring it? Looking back, the Presbyterian Church has made wonderful progress. Will the progress in the next half century be greater still. One hopes so, prays it may be so, and that at the end of 50 years St. Andrew's, King, may be more full of life and hope than ever before.









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jubilee of the Rev. James  
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